

The Ebensburg Alleghanian.

T. HUTCHINSON, EDITOR.
ED. JAMES.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—HENRY CLAY.

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VOLUME 9.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1869.

NUMBER 49.

W. M. JONES, Notary Public,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Apr. 29.]

WILLIAM KITTELL, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
August 13, 1868.

JOHN FENLON, Attorney at Law,
Ebensburg, Pa.
Office on High street. [Aug. 13.]

GEORGE M. READE, Attorney at
Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug. 13.]

WILLIAM H. SECHLER, Attorney
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office in Colonnade Row. [Aug. 20.]

SHOEMAKER & OATMAN, Attor-
neys at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Particular attention paid to collections.
Office on High street, west of the Di-
son. [Apr. 29.]

JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys
at Law, Ebensburg, Pa.
Office opposite the Court House.
J. JOHNSTON. [Aug. 13.] J. E. SCANLAN.

JAMES C. EASLY, Attorney at Law,
Carrolltown, Cambria county, Pa.
Architectural Drawings and Specifi-
cations made. [Aug. 13.]

J. WATERS, Justice of the Peace
and Scrivener.
Office adjoining dwelling on High st.,
Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug. 13-18-68.]

JOPELIN, T. W. DICK,
Attorneys.
Office in Colonnade Row, with Wm.
Bell, Esq. [Oct. 22.]

JOSEPH S. STRAYER, Justice of
the Peace, Johnstown, Pa.
Office on Market street, corner of Lo-
ate office of Wm. M'Kee. [Aug. 13.]

DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician
and Surgeon, Summit, Pa.
Office east of Mansion House, on Rail-
road street. Night calls promptly attended
at his office. [Aug. 13.]

R. DE WITT ZEIGLER—
Offers his professional services to the
citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. He will
attend the second Tuesday of each
month, to remain one week.

Dr. Zeigler, without pain, with Nitrous
Gas, or Laughing Gas.
Office in the "Mountain House,"
Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug. 13.]

DENTISTRY—
The undersigned, Graduate of the Bal-
ticut College of Dental Surgery, respectfully
offers his professional services to the citizens
of Ebensburg. He has spared no means to
thoroughly acquaint himself with every im-
provement in his art. To many years of
experience, he has sought to add the
beneficial experience of the highest authorities
in Dental Science. He simply asks that an
opportunity may be given for his work to
test his own praise.

SAMUEL BELFORD, D. D. S.,
Will be at Ebensburg on the fourth
day of each month, to stay one week.
Office in the "Mountain House,"
Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug. 13, 1868.]

BOYD & CO., Bankers—
EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans and
Securities bought and sold. Interest
paid on Time Deposits. Collections made
at all accessible points in the United States.
A General Banking Business transacted.
August 13, 1868.

M. LLOYD & Co., Bankers—
ALTOONA, PA.
Trade on the principal cities, and Silver
Gold for sale. Collections made. Mon-
ey received on deposit, payable on demand,
with interest, or upon time, with interest
at rates. [Aug. 13.]

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK—
OF JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.
Capital.....\$ 60,000 00
Increase to.....100,000 00
Pay and sell Inland and Foreign Drafts,
and Silver, and all classes of Govern-
ment Securities; make collections at home
and abroad; receive deposits; loan money,
and a general Banking business. All
deposits entrusted to us will receive prompt
attention and care, at moderate prices. Give
trial.

Directors: JOHN DEBERT,
MORRELL, JOHN DEBERT,
KAYMAS, JACOB LEVERGOOD,
M. CAMPBELL, JAMES McMILLAN,
FRITZ,
DANIEL J. MORRELL, President,
J. ROBERTS, Cashier. [Sep. 3.]

JOHN LLOYD, Cashier,
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF ALTOONA,
PA.

RESERVED DEPOSITORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Corner Virginia and Annie sts., North
Altoona, Pa.

CAPITAL PAID IN.....\$300,000 00
BUSINESS PERTAINING TO BANKING DONE ON
LIBERAL TERMS.

Postal Revenue Stamps of all denomina-
tions always on hand.
Purchasers of Stamps, percentage, in
advance, will be allowed, as follows: \$50 to
2 per cent.; \$100 to \$200, 3 per cent.;
and upwards, 4 per cent. [Aug. 13.]

ABRAHAM BLAINE, Barber—
EBENSBURG, PA.
Shampooing, and Hair-dressing
in the most artistic style.
Saloon directly opposite the "Moun-
tain House." [Aug. 13.]

NATIONAL SOAP AND CANDLE
MANUFACTORY,
HENRY SCHNABLE,
Sole and General Dealer in Soap, Candles, Groc-
eries and Fish, at city prices.
Main st., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

L. LANGSTROTH'S PATENT
MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE!

Pronounced the best ever yet introduced
in this county or State. Any person buying
a family right can have their Bees trans-
ferred from an old box to a new one. In every
instance in which this has been done the
result has been entirely satisfactory, and the
first take-off of honey has invariably paid all ex-
penses, and frequently exceeded them. Proof
of the superior merits of this invention will
be found in the testimony of every man who
has given it a trial, and among the number
are the gentlemen named below, and their
experience should induce every one interested
in Bees to

BUY A FAMILY RIGHT!

Henry C. Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township,
took 160 pounds of surplus honey from two
hives, which he sold at 35 cents per pound.
Adam Deitrich, of Carroll township, took
from two hives 100 pounds of surplus honey.
James Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, took
60 pounds of surplus honey from one hive.
Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, ob-
tained 20 pounds, and he sold it for one and
a half worth not less than \$21, and the right
cost him only \$5.
Peter Campbell from one hive obtained 36
pounds of surplus honey at one time.
Quite a number of similar statements,
authenticated by some of the best citizens of
Cambria county, could be obtained in proof
of the superior merits of Langstroth's Patent
Movable Comb Bee Hive.
Persons wishing to purchase family rights
should call on or address

PETER CAMPBELL,
Carrolltown, Pa.
Nov. 26, 1868-9

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN?—
The subscriber offers at private sale the
following described valuable property, situ-
ated in Strongstown, Indiana county:

ONE LARGE HOUSE.
Two stories high, L-shape, one being 50
feet long, and the other 40 feet. It contains
some 20 rooms, and is well suited for, and
has heretofore been used as, a Hotel. Situated
in the business portion of town.

ONE SMALLER HOUSE.
Two stories high, 40x22 feet, capable of ac-
commodating two families.

THREE ACRES OF GROUND.
Upon which the foregoing described houses
are situated.

The property was formerly owned and oc-
cupied by Barker & Litzinger, who have dis-
solved partnership.

TERMS:
\$1,300 for the entire property, \$500 to
\$500 in hand; the balance in payments. Posses-
sion given the 1st of April, if desired.

For particulars, apply to or address
A. A. BARKER,
Ebensburg, Pa.

PHOTOGRAPHIC—
I do not every one that wants Pictures,
Come to Ebensburg and

Having located in Ebensburg, I would very
respectfully inform the people that I am now
fully prepared to take of the art.

PICTURES
in every style of the art, from the smallest
Card Picture up to Life Size.

PICTURES TAKEN IN ANY WEATHER.
Every attention given to the taking of
OIL, CHALK, AND WATER COLOURS.
Photographs painted in Oil, India Ink, or
Water Colours.

Your attention is called to my
FRAMES FOR LARGE PICTURES,
and

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
also, Copying and enlarging done in the very
best style of the art.

I ask comparison, and defy competition.
Thankful for past favors, I solicit a con-
tinuation of the same.

Gallery on Julian street, three doors
north of the Town Hall.
T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.
[Aug. 13.]

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE!—
The subscriber would inform the citizens
of Ebensburg and vicinity that he keeps con-
stantly on hand everything in the

GROCERY AND CONFECTIONERY
lines, such as Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, all
kinds of Crackers, Cheese, Smoking and
Chewing Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

CANNED PEACHES AND TOMATOES!
Also, Buckskin and Woolen Gloves, Wool-
en Socks, Neck ties, &c., all of which will be
sold as cheap if not cheaper than elsewhere.

A full assortment of Groceries &c.
Ice Cream every evening.
R. R. THOMAS
[Aug. 13.]

REES J. LLOYD,
Successor of R. S. Dunn,
Dealer in

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES, PAINTS,
OILS, AND BLENDED PERFUMES—
BY AND FANCY ARTICLES, PERI-
WINE AND BRANDIES FOR MEDI-
CAL PURPOSES, PATENT MEDICINES, &c.

Also:
Lector, Cap, and Note Papers,
Pens, Pencils, Superior Ink,
And other articles kept
by Druggists generally.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Moun-
tain House, Ebensburg, Pa. [Aug. 13.]

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY
FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell
at private sale, a lot of ground situated in the
west ward of Ebensburg borough, having
thereon erected a two-story frame house,
with a plank fence attached, and a one-
story frame house, fronting 66 feet on High
street, and extending 132 feet back to lot of
Wm. S. Lloyd, adjoining lot of Robt. Evans
on the east, and an alley on the west, for-
merly owned by E. Stiles. The property will
be sold cheap for cash, or on good terms. For
full particulars apply to V. S. BARKER,
June 3-11, Ebensburg, Pa.

THOS. J. LLOYD—
Dealer in

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS,
EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA COUNTY, PA.
The highest market price will be
paid, in cash, for all kinds of good Lumber.

Particular attention paid to filling all
orders.
[Aug. 13.]

NOTICE—
All persons wanting to get one of the
celebrated Acton Mowing and Reaping Ma-
chines, must leave their orders with me be-
tween this and the 30th of June, in order
that I may have time to order them before
they are wanted to see. GEO. HUNTLEY.

Out of Work.

"It is no use, Maria, I have tried every-
where."
"But you are not going to give it up,
Peter?"

"Give it up? how can I help it? with-
in four days I have been to every book-
binder in the city, and not a bit of work
can I get."

"But have you tried nothing else?"
"What else can I try?"

"Why, anything that you can do."
"Yes, I've tried other things. I have
been to more than a dozen of my friends
and offered to help them if they would
hire me."

"And what did you mean to do for
them?"

"I offered to post their accounts, make
out bills, or attend at the counter."
Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband
thus spoke.

"What makes you smile?" he asked.
"To think you should have imagined
that you would have found work in such
places. But how is Mark Leeds?"

"He has nothing in his house to eat."
It was a shudder that crept over the
wife's frame now.

"Why do you tremble, wife?"
"Because when we have eaten our
breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall have
nothing."

"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half
starting from his chair, "do you mean
that?"

"I do."
"But our flour?"

"All gone. I baked the last this after-
noon."
"But we have pork?"

"You ate the last this noon."
"Then we must starve!" groaned the
stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book binder by
trade, and had been out of employment
for a month. He was one of those who
generally calculate to keep about square
with the world, and who consider them-
selves particularly fortunate if they keep
out of debt. He was now thirty years of
age, and had been married eight years.
He had three children to provide for, be-
sides himself and wife, and this, together
with house rent, was a heavy draught
upon his purse even when work was plenty,
but now—there was nothing and nothing
left in the house, "we must starve, I
have not a penny in the world."

"But do not despair, Peter. Try again
to-morrow for work. You may find some-
thing to do. Anything that is honest is
honorable. Should you make but a sin-
gling day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"
"Trust me for that. If you will engage
to find some work to do, I'll see that we
have house room."

"I'll make one more trial," uttered Pe-
ter, despairingly.

"But you must go prepared to do any-
thing."
"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"Why—anything decent?"
The wife felt almost inclined to smile,
but the matter was so serious for that and
a cloud passed over her face. She knew
her husband's disposition, and she felt
sure he would find no work. She knew
he would look for some sort of work
which would not lower him in the social
scale—as he had once or twice expressed
it. However, she knew it would be of no
use to say anything to him now, and she
let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit
of food in the house was placed on the
table. Stanwood could hardly realize that
he was penniless and without food. For
years he had been gay, thoughtless and
fortunate, making the most of the present,
forgetting the past, and leaving the future
to look for itself. Yet the truth was
naked and clear; and when he left the
house he said:

"Something must be done."
No sooner had the husband gone than
Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and
shawl. Her eldest child was a girl of
seven years old, and her younger four—
She asked her next door neighbor if she
would take care of her children until noon.
These children were known to be good and
quiet, and they were taken cheerfully.
Then Mrs. Stanwood locked up her house
and went away. She returned at noon
bringing some dinner for her children and
then went away again. She got home in
the evening before her husband, carrying
a heavy basket on her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her
husband had entered and sat down, "what
luck?"

"Nothing, nothing," he groaned. "I
made out to squeeze a dinner out of an
old chum, but I can't get work."
"And where have you looked to-day?"

"Oh! everywhere. I have been to a
hundred places, but it is the same every-
place. It is nothing but one eternal 'no!'
I am sick and tired of it."

"But what sort of work have you offered
to do?"

"Why, I even went so far as to offer to
tend a liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.

"Now what shall we do?" uttered Pe-
ter spasmodically.

"Why, we'll eat supper first, and then
talk the matter over."
"Supper! have you got any?"

"Yes, plenty of it."
"But you told me you had none."
"Neither had we this morning, but I've
been after work and found some."
"You? you been after work?" uttered
the husband, in surprise.

"But how? where? what?"
"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's; I
knew her girl was sick and I hoped she
might have work to be done. I went to
her and told her my story, and she set me
to work at once doing her washing. She
gave me food to bring home for the chil-
dren, and paid me three shillings when I
got through."

"What you have been out washing for
our little wife?" said Peter looking
very much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby
earned enough to keep us in food through-
out to-morrow, at any rate, so you may come
home to-morrow for dinner."
"But how about the rent?"

"Oh! I have seen Mr. Stimson, and
told just how we are situated, and offered
him my watch as a pledge for the payment
of the rent within two months, with the
interest on all arrears up to that date. I
told him I did the business because you
were away hunting for work."

"So he's got your watch?"
"No—he wouldn't take it. He said if
I would become responsible for the pay-
ment he would let it rest."

"Then we have got a roof over us, and
food for to-morrow. But what next?"
"Oh! what a curse these hard times
are."

"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not
starve. I've got enough engaged to keep us
alive."

"H—h—h? What's that?"
"Why Mr. Snow has engaged me to
carry small packages, baskets, bundles,
and so forth, to rich customers. He has
to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"
"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow
came home to dinner I was there, and I
asked him if he ever had light articles
which he wished to send around to his
customers. Never mind all that was said.
He did happen to want just such work
done, though he had intended to call on
some of the idlers who lounge about the
market. He promised to give me all the
work he could, and I am to be there in
the morning."

"Well, this is a pretty go! My wife
turned butcher's boy! You won't do any
such thing."

"And why not?"
"Why not! Because—because—"
"Say because it will lower me in the
social scale."

"Well, and so it will."
"Then it is more honorable to lie still
and starve, too, than to earn honest bread
by honest work."

"I tell you, Peter, if you cannot work,
I must. We should have been without
bread to-night had I not found work to-
day. You know that all kinds of light,
agreeable business are seized upon by those
who have particular friends or relatives
engaged in them. At such a time as this
it is not for us to consider what kind of
work we will do, so long as it is honest.—
Oh! give the liberty of living on my own
desert, and the independence to be gov-
erned by my own convictions of right."

"But, my wife, only think—you carry-
ing out butcher's stuff! Why, I would
sooner go and do it myself."

"If you would sooner go," said the wife,
with a smile, "I will stay at home and
take care of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood; but
the more he thought upon the matter, the
more he saw the justice and right of the
path into which his wife thus led him.—
Before he went to bed he promised that
he would go to the butcher's in the morning.

And Peter Stanwood went on his new
business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly,
praised his faithful wife, and then sent him
off with two baskets—one to go to Mr.
Smith's and the other to a Mr. Dix's.—
And the new carrier worked all day, and
when it came night he had earned just
57 cents. It had been a day of trials to
him, but no one sneered at him, and all
his acquaintances had greeted him the
same as usual. He was far happier than
when he went home the night before; for
now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar,
and thus he continued to work a week,
and at the end of that time he had \$5.75
in his pocket; besides having paid for all
the food for his family save some few
pieces of meat Mr. Snow had given him.
On Saturday evening he met Mark Leeds,
another who had been discharged from
work with himself. Leeds looked care-
worn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.
"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My
family are half starved."

"Can't you find anything to do?"
"Nothing."
"Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I've
pawed all my clothes save these I have
on, I've been down to the bindery to-day,
and what do you suppose the old man of-
fered me?"

"What was it?"
"Why he offered to let me do his hand-
carriage. He had just turned off his ne-
go for drunkenness, and offered me the
place! The old carmadroon!"

Mark mentioned the name of an indi-
vidual who is supposed to dwell some-
where in a region a little warmer than our
tropics.

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in
your place I should have taken up with
the offer."

Mark mentioned the name of that same
individual again.

"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been
doing the work of a butcher's boy for a
whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his compan-
ion soon convinced him, and then they
separated, one going home happy and
contented, and the other going away from
home to find some sort of excitement in
which to drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provi-
sions to carry to Mr. W—. It was his
former employer. He took the load upon
his arm and started off; just as he was
entering the yard of the customer he met
Mr. W— coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood is this you?" asked his
old employer kindly.

"Yes, sir."
"What are you doing now?"

"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."
"A what?"

"You see I've brought your provisions
for you, sir; I am a regular butcher's boy."
"And how long have you been at this
work?"

"This is the tenth day, sir."
"But don't it come hard?"

"Nothing comes hard so long as it is
honest, and will furnish my family with
bread."

"And how much a day can you make at
this?"

"Sometimes over a dollar, and some-
times not over fifty cents."

"Well, now look here, Stanwood, there
have been no less than a dozen of my old
hands hanging around my counting room
for a fortnight waiting for work. They
are stout able men, and yet they lie still
because I have no work for them. Last
Saturday I took pity on Leeds and offered
him the job to do my handcarriage. I told
him I would give him \$1.25 a day, but he
turned up his nose and asked me not to in-
sult him! And yet he owned that his
family were suffering. But do you come
to my place to-morrow and you shall have
something to do, if it is only to hold your
independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with
a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him
fervently.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice
that he must quit, and on the following
morning he went to the bindery. For
two days he had but very little to do, but
on the third day a heavy job came in,
and Peter Stanwood had steady work.—
He was happy—more happy than ever,
for he had learned two things, first, what
a noble wife he had; and second, how
much resources for good he held in his
own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to
its moral. One is—no man can be lower-
ed by any kind of honest labor. The sec-
ond—while you are enjoying the fruits of
the present forget not to provide for the
future; for no man is so secure but that
the day may come when he will need the squan-
derings of the past.

On the Plains.
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS,
June 21, 1869.

To the Editors of the Alleghanian:
Your correspondent has had in contem-
plation for some time the idea of writing
you and giving you a description of a
"buffalo hunt" which he, in company with
a few friends, had the pleasure of partici-
pating in some time since.

We left this city on a Monday morning,
via Union Pacific Railroad, and about 4
o'clock p. m. were landed in the beau-
tiful little city of Junction, situated near
the confluence of the Little Blue and
Smoky Hill rivers. It contains a popula-
tion of some 3,000, and is and has been
for some time the depot of supplies for the
Texas trade. It is destined to become a
place of some importance in the future of
the State's progress. A railroad is in
course of construction down through the
Neosho Valley, by far the most magnif-
icent body of land in the State for grazing
purposes, but little snow falling upon it
during the cold season. Topeka, Manhat-
tan, and The Mission are all thriving
towns, and surrounded by a splendid agri-
cultural country.

The next morning, after transacting
some business in Junction, our party de-
parted westward by a freight train for
Salina, which place we reached about 11
o'clock. We passed through the splendid
valley of the Solomon, Abilene, the prin-
cipal trade. For miles around, the fields
were covered with long horned cattle—
Salina, which is situated on the confines
of what was once known as the Great
American Desert, is quite a prosperous
place, and the surrounding country is
being rapidly settled upon by Swedes, who
are asking wonders toward the advance-
ment of agriculture and the consequent
growth of the State.

Five o'clock arrived, and so did the
passenger train, and our party were once
more on their way towards Ellsworth,
fully armed and equipped, as we were

then entering the Indian country. All
along the route were solitary gravestones,
the last resting-places of poor whites whose
last sight on earth rested on the fiendish
face of a savage and the glistening of his
terrible tomahawk. In fifty miles travel
we counted about twenty-eight of these
graves, and the whole country is filled with
them. A large proportion of them are
not marked.

Arrived at Ellsworth about 10 o'clock,
and here we began to see Western or bor-
der life in all its phases. It has a popu-
lation of about 600, composed principally
of gamblers, scouts, courtisans, and sol-
diers, every one carrying the inevitable
six-shooter. We remained here until
Thursday evening, and during the day
saw the sights. Nearly every house is a
gambling house, and one could see the
well dressed gambler, the long haired
scout, and the copper colored greaser all
seated at a long table, watching the turn-
ing of the cards, either at keno, chuck-a-
luck, or monte, and more villainous looking
faces could scarce be picked up in any
other town or city in the Union.

Thursday evening, started for Hayes
city, the great hunting ground. In pass-
ing along, each one intently gazing into
the distance to catch the first glimpse of
buffalo, some one of the party would cry
out, "Buffalo! Indians!" and in a mo-
ment the side of the car would be crowd-
ed by the party rushing over to ask—
"Where?" but only to find to their great
disappointment that none were in sight.

Reached Hayes city about 5 o'clock in
the morning, and after breakfasting hap-
pily on buffalo and antelope, began pre-
paring for our hunt. Met some old Leaven-
worth friends and were at once captured
by them, and in an hour or so they had
the teams ready, which were kindly placed
at our disposal, as were also the company
and services of two friends. After riding
about half an hour, one of the guides
shouted "Antelope!" and looking to the
front a mile or so, we saw some thirty or
forty of these beautiful little creatures
running and leaping like